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Bradford, June 14, 1867.

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Maternal Love; OR, THE GREAT MAY STORM.

Early one morning, a Highland widow left her home in order to reach, before evening, the residence of a kinsman who had promised to assist her to pay her rent. She carried on her back her only child, a boy two years old. The journey was a long one. (I was following the same wild and lonely path when I first heard the narrative I am about to relate.) The mountain track, after leaving the small village by the seashore where the widow lived, passes through a green valley, watered by a peaceful stream which flows from a neighboring lake; it then winds along the margin of this solitary lake, until, near its further end, it suddenly turns into an extensive copse wood of oak and birch. From this it emerges half-way up a rugged mountain side; and entering a dark glen through which a torrent rushes amidst great masses of granite, it at last conducts the traveler, by a zigzag ascent, to a narrow gorge, which is hemmed in on every side by giant precipices; overhead is a strip of blue sky, while all below is dark and most gloomy.

From this mountain pass the widow was long dead, though her memory still lingers in many a retired glen among the children of parents whom he baptized. His son, whose locks were white with age, was preaching to a congregation of Highlanders in one of our largest cities. It was on a communion Sabbath.

The subject of his discourse was the situation of the late lamented Mrs. Beacon Jenkins was proffered me; a situation " fraught with numerous recommendations and advantages, man." (I note the words of the bereaved spouse,) though what the name "recommenda-

tions and advantages are, I cannot for my life imagine, unless he referred to his ten children. But a contemplation of these suggest my story, from which I have been running away, I see.

My cousin Jane Smith, had the misfortune to become attached, some years ago, to a man. Her subsequent marriage, and the consequence of being dismissed from the nursery, and gone directly to my apartment, where they had been having their "nights out" in good earnest. I therefore took my hat and stood out to think of it. There sat Miss Kate, arrayed in my best bonnet, and snuff, having emptied a bottle of snuff perfumery on my nose; and I am sure, I believe there are seven, I contrived to make. You must know that I made Jane a visit a few weeks since, taking our dog, our cat, and a few bandboxes and bairdles. To give my experience in detail during those two weeks would be impossible. Such trials and tribulations! I am sure I have been blessed with the disposition of an angel, it would have been completely ruined by those children.

Weil, one day cousin Jane went away—went with my advice and consent, and I volunteered my labors in the home service. To tell the truth, I was very glad of an opportunity of showing Jane how to manage these many invalids, for excellent woman that she was, she never, I thought, understood family government. Now I panted myself on being quite a disciplinarian, and it was with feelings of the greatest compunction that I watched the fluttering of my cousin's bonnet, as she disappeared at the distance. "Ah!" thought, "now won't we have a high old time!" Here goes, and I waited just in season to see this young scamp jump to the third shelf of the cupboard, and make a dive at the sugar box; while Kate, two years younger, more quickly nipped herself from a lot of preserves. As nearly as I can remember, should thus it occupied about four seconds of time for me to seize both those children, shake them into separate corners of the room, and impudently not to move hand or foot for fifteen minutes.

The other children, save the youngest, were at school, so I took my knitting and sat down just a little flattered by my recent conduct. There was a dead silence, interrupted only by the clicking of my needle, for I had put a veto on all communication, in word or sign, between the two offenders. I sat there congratulating myself upon the admirable success of my theory carried into practice, when a cry from the cradle called me to itself. The baby had waked, and manifested a desire to be taken.

Down went my knitting work, and I up came the child; but upon noticing that its mother was not, and that I was, leading it, I at first struck up such a scolding as I never heard or dreamed of, before or since. I coaxed and petted, I sang "Hush my dear, lie still and shun," to the tune of "Greenvill," and I sang everything else that I could think of, mixing up Mother Goose's melodies and Isaac Watts in a manner anything but reverent to that divine; I rocked to and fro with astonishing violence, I searched for hidden pins frantically, I related the witching anecdote of the three little kittens who lost their mittens, and I filled up all the intervals with talking baby talk at the most approved style, muttering the Queen's English in a manner to give Murray's own words, and introducing innumerable words not had now in Webster's unabridged, and said that child screamed until it was red, and

screamed until it was hoarse, and screamed until I looked upon it in dumb amazement, that so small a body possessed such capabilities for screaming. "Auntie, it's fifteen minutes; may we go and play?" cried in Katie. "Yes, yes," said I, and they went.

Well, now, what was to be done? I reflected. My theories didn't seem to work. Some new step must be taken, and that step I speedily decided upon. "Madeline," read I, "this depraved child has inherited from Adam a perverse temper and stubborn will." Had I ever had any disposition to question the doctrine of depravity, native and inherent, to some specimen of masculine humanity? I repeat that there are very few old maids from necessity, and I certainly do not belong to them.

Yet I was never a beauty. What with green eyes and mad-colored hair, it was always foretold that I should be an old maid; and then from my earliest recollection up to the present time, I have always had the greatest antipathy to men and mice, and a proportionate partiality to cats and green tea.

It was only yesterday that the situation of the late lamented Mrs. Beacon Jenkins was proffered me; a situation " fraught with numerous recommendations and advantages, man." (I note the words of the bereaved spouse,) though what the name "recommenda-

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Cousin Jane's Children.

BY BETSEY TROTWOOD.

I am an old maid, a genuine and veritable spinster, having long ago outlived my twenty-fifth birthday. Now old maids may be divided into two classes; old maids from necessity, and old maids from choice. The former class is much less numerous than is supposed. One rarely sees a woman who has not, at some time or other, had an opportunity to tell the truth of her own free moral agency, by trying herself for better or worse, (and, in my opinion, the worse invariably predominates,) to some specimen of masculine humanity. I repeat that there are very few old maids from necessity, and I certainly do not belong to them.

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